FROM OUR READERS

Need of Truth

To THE EDITOR: Not to make a good fellow of myself, but to present a clean, soulfelt appreciation of merit, I wish to say that the October 18 issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT certainly reaches high altitudes of right-to-the-point-ness. "Viscount Grey's Task" gives a simple, clear view of the crucial field in the world catalysis. More of that sort of stuff is the need of the hour. In "Think About It for Yourself," O. C. M's. light blue, harmless sarcasm completely carries the whole target of democracy's experimental hyprocrisy away with it.

Of course, ignorance of the electorate is not so much an evident cause of confusion as is the professional politician's yeast of jurisprudence in our civil system, as aptly illustrated in "The Much-Mixed Laws of Alaska."

Mr. Ford says that both Capital and Labor must make work their first consideration, and that work comes before any private consideration. He also says, in the preceding issue, that it is not genius we want so much as ordinary ability used for all it is worth. True! Barring the objection that *ordinary* ability is almost never used for *all* it is worth, I would like to ask if we do not need a great man of the hour, with *genius* enough to get people to *realize* this truth.

Truth enough were told to save a million worlds. What humanity needs today is for a great soul to arise with the white fire of God's life in his every heartbeat, in every glance, gesture and utterance, to tell truthful men, so they will *stay* told, of a specific twentieth century salvation. Yes! If the world ever needed a savior, it is *right* now—one with the combined *genius* of all the saviors that ever lived.

HARVEY W. JACOX,
Middleville, Mich.

Ida M. Tarbell, Amid Her Books and Heroes

FEW women are better known in America than is Ida Minerva Tarbell—although the Minerva may be new to most people. And yet she has not done anything sensational. She never invented a new hair wave, does not smoke cigarets, has carved men completely out of her career—in fact has never done anything other than most women do, except think. Miss Tarbell has thought, no doubt about that. And along a good many lines, and to very good purpose, too. She has thought in such a way that a good many people have accepted her guidance.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Miss Tarbell—being a woman—is that she is an accurate

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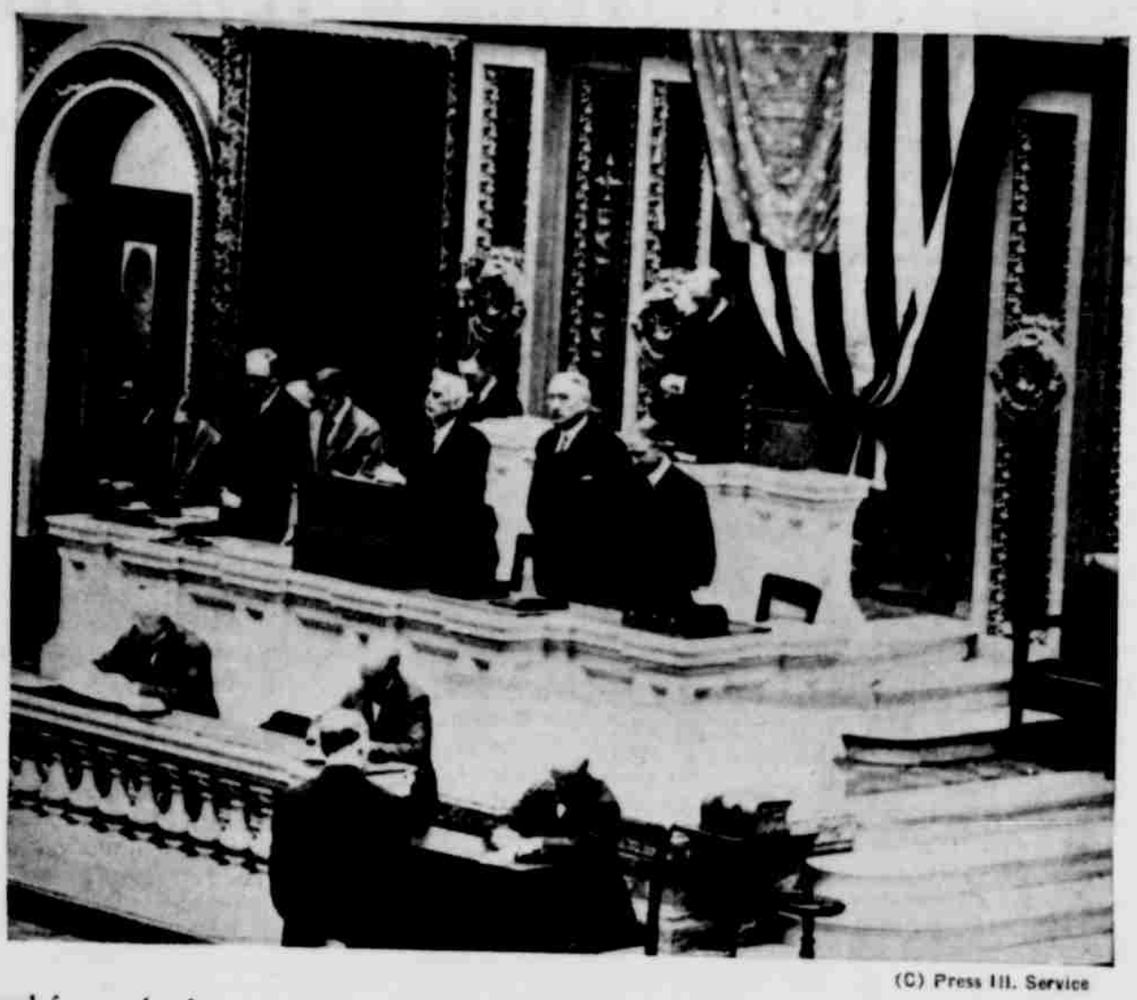
reporter, can tell the thing as it occurred; and that is a rare accomplishment among people, and not among women only. Miss Tarbell not only has the historical sense but she is a keen observer of history in the making. She not only can write accurately and revealingly of the career of Napoleon and the life of Madame Roland, but she can reconstruct the sources and motives and early methods of Standard Oil with such vividness and power as to transform a sordid commercial tale into an epic of ruthless enterprise. Again, she can make Abraham Lincoln live anew in all his simple greatness, and bring us nearer to the intimate heart of that great American than any writer has done.

Miss Tarbell does not write as a mere profession; she writes out of the abundance of her interests. For that reason no one ever forecasts what she will write next, but everyone is sure it will be something that she is intensely interested in, and that therefore it will interest others.

The Blind Chaplain of Congress Prays for the President



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THE United States Senate and House of Representatives still open with prayer, a survival of the pious practice of the Fathers of the Republic. Time was when church services were held every Sunday in the old Senate Chamber, and all the élite of Washington floundered through the muddy streets to hear the preacher of the day.

In this picture the blind chaplain of the House of Representatives is seen praying for the President's restoration to health. One would think that the job of praying for or before the House of Representatives would be immune from criticism; that at least the pray-er would never be accused of injecting partisan politics into his petitions to the Almighty. But evidently not. The Rev. Henry Noble Couden could tell you of a number of times in his career when Congressmen have intimated that he was taking advantage of the time of prayer to make partisan remarks. Not so very long ago the chaplain prayed fervently that a reign of universal peace might come upon the earth, and certain Congressmen who are opposed to the League of Nations started a movement to oust the chaplain for taking sides on that question! All of which causes one to speculate whether some extremely partisan member might not have felt there was something unneutral in the chaplain's petition for Divine aid for the President in his illness. But probably none went so far. Chaplain Couden was blinded in both eyes by a wound received in the Civil War when he was 21 years old. He entered the ministry of the Universalist church and was made chaplain of the House of Representatives in 1895. For 24 years he has opened every session of the House with prayer. A collection of his prayers has been printed. He is the only clergyman in America whose prayers are stenographically reported and printed in the official records every day.

The photograph offers an unusually good view of the Speaker's desk.

The Silent Voices

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man—Marcel Martinet—called "Civilians." It is an appeal to those who know not war's horrors. Now is the time for this cry out of the depths:

"Cripples with legless trunks, with empty sleeves,
You men with broken loins, doubled in two,
And other wretches gone quite mad with horror,
And phantoms of scores buried while yet living,
And frightened ghosts of some poor prisoners,
Whom docile drunkards slaughtered at command,
Approach! Press 'round these fearless gentlemen,
Ye widows in your black crêpe veils,
And aged parents whose red eyes can weep no more,
And you, ye tiny orphan boys and girls,
So solemn serious in your mourning frocks,
Press close upon these valiant warriors,
All, all surround, press 'round and close upon them,
Army of dead, of ghosts, of all the defeated,
Army of countless victims,
Press 'round in masses, bending over them,
Yes with those very eyes, which are your wounds,
Look straight in theirs: theirs, the non-combatants,
Who stand so firm.

At the present moment, civilians, non-combatants, are standing so firm against the very pledges that our soldiers died to fulfill.

Said President Wilson at Minneapolis some weeks past: "We must realize that the world is in revolution. I do not mean active revolution. I mean that it is in a state of mind that may bring about the dissolution of government, if we do not bring about a world settlement."

The world, indeed, is upon the operating table; yet its doctors pause to dispute among themselves, heedless of the grave condition of their patient. Have they lost utterly the gleam for which millions of young mariners vanished over the margin into the Infinite these past years?

Many of us declare, each Sunday in our credo, that we believe in the communion of saints. If we do, their silent voices should direct us now, and we should hear their message. They are of the Unseen Power which rules the universe. For as St. Paul says: "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal."

Terrible indeed will be the future for America and for the world, if all the silent voices of those who died for Freedom are unheard:

"If there be none to build
Out of this ruined world
The temple we have willed
With our flag there unfurled,
If rainbow none there shine
Across these skies of woe,
If seed of yours and mine
Through this same hell must go,
Then may my soul and those
Of all who died in vain
(Be they of friends or foes)
Rise and come back again
From Peace that knows no end,
From Faith that knows not doubt,
To haunt and sear and rend
The men that sent us out."

—From "An Englishman's Testament"
By E. C. Williams.

What About Tomorrow's Movies?

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fied the manager of the local theater that they will not go to see a poor or morbid picture—and the manager knows if he books one, he will be lacking in the type of patronage he needs. He may try it a few times, but why give "The Lure of the Flesh" to a couple of hundred people when you can have five or six hundred for a clean, romantic comedy? The question has always answered itself, and producers are being forced to clean motion pictures by the steady demand from the rural communities.

And, incidentally, they are being forced into intelligence. I met a very popular screen star in front of his studio a short time ago, and he was worried.

"What's the matter?" I demanded explanation of his trouble.

"There," he held out a handful of letters, "and we've had nearly a thousand others like them."

His story was that he had played in a drama of the earlier forties, when the great prairie schooners were carrying men and women to the gold fields of the Far West. It was a good picture, all but the fact that a careless director had allowed a group of men who were supposed to be fighting off natives to use modern automatic revolvers!

And for every person who noticed and wrote—think of the dozens who noticed and did not write! Let me tell you right now—a director's lot is not a happy one unless he is careful and "on the job."

Perhaps, if I may again use myself as an example, I might mention figures which will give you an idea of a director's responsibilities. In the filming of "Soldiers of Fortune"—yes, the ambition of my life has practically been accomplished—I had to account for the actions of 400 horses, 6,200 extra people, a detachment of soldiers, marines—these by permission of the War Department in Washington—a battleship, hydroplanes, to say nothing of buildings, costumes, rifles and five Mexican bandits who announced that they had come to get a job in the movies because highway robbery was not as profitable in Mexico as it had once been.

And I had to keep them all "moving"—all in character. As I mentioned before, a director has to be on the job! If he can't handle a mob, or see that the forks on a lunch table are correctly placed, he has no right attempting to make a picture that will be seen by millions of people.

Tomorrow's movies are going to be right. The motion picture can instill patriotism—Americanism—it can give a woman the idea of how to make over her blue taffeta. It must be a factor for good.

And so, when the reporter, the club lady, the educationalist, ask me what about the future of the movies, I assure them that they have nothing to worry over. The future of the movies is being taken care of. The great American public is doing that. In the beginning the public was amazed, and cared only for the novelty of the moving figure on the screen, but that stage of the development of the motion picture is gone. Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen realize that the film can be a national factor for education and entertainment and as such will be made to mirror our national life—which is both clean and intelligent.